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BETTER NO SENATE THAN A BOODLE SENATE.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ELECTION of the Hon. Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency has had one good consequence — it has drawn the attention of the people to the urgent need of ballot-reform. The scandal of the Indiana election was a little too much for even the patient bigots to whom loyalty to the Republican party is a religious duty. These earnest citizens had not wholly enjoyed the joke, when, in 1880, Mr. Dorsey told them that not intelligent patriotism nor lofty principle, but "soap" had kept Indiana within the Republican ranks. They did not think that bribery and corruption were half so funny as Mr. Dorsey thought them. Being people of "moral ideas," they felt a little ashamed of using such means to keep their leaders in office.

But the thorough-going Republicans look upon their party organization as an African negro looks upon his fetish. Rather than doubt or question their party, they will resort to every refinement of sophistry which ingenuity can suggest; and — how on earth they did it, we know not — they found some way to persuade themselves that if their party leaders did stoop to buy votes on this particular occasion, it was somehow or other excusable — possibly, even, commendable. They did it; but it was rather a strain upon the long-suffering loyalty of the most faithful. And last year the Indiana iniquity was altogether more than they could stand.

And so it has come about that an overdose of iniquity has brought about a reaction of virtue in the Republican party. The Republican is willing, as he always has been willing, to allow a great deal of license to his leaders. He will pardon or overlook an occasional *Crédit Mobilier*, a Whiskey Ring, a Black Friday — even a Returning-Board that is willing to take its chances of splitting the country in two. But he feels that he must draw the line somewhere. And while he may permit his representatives to behave themselves at Washington as he certainly never would behave himself, he can not with self-respect and decent moral comfort allow them to come right into his own election district, buy votes under his nose, without pretense of concealment, and brag of it publicly. That, he feels, is going too far, even for a politician. And so our Republican friend falls in line for ballot-reform.

We are speaking, of course, only of the honest, well-meaning, conscientious Republicans. The Democrats who belong to the same class are anxious to see a reform in our system — or non-system — of voting, but for other reasons. They have felt the bitterness of knowing that the case which they left to the arbitrament of the people was decided against them not because they were wrong, but because they were poor. They have known that the judge and the jury were corrupted; that the decision was in favor of the richer side, and that those who decided took small account of the principles involved in the matter. They have known that their candidate was defeated, not because the people of the United States were not willing to elect him; but because there were enough purchasable votes to defeat him. How bitter this consciousness of undeserved and unfair defeat may be, only those who have known it can tell. It is only fair to the Democrats to say that they have tasted every drop of its bitterness.

These are not the loftiest motives that might turn men to a noble work of reform. But the work has begun, and it is the duty of every good citizen to push it to a successful conclusion, and to do what in him lies to establish a system of popular voting which shall give every opportunity to the citizen to cast his ballot according to the dictates of his conscience and his common-sense, with no subjection to the dictates of his employer, of his party "boss," or of the man who is in a position to "work" him.

New York and New Jersey have been the two great states whose apparent coldness toward the cause of ballot-reform has made them conspicuous. Within the current month, New Jersey, by the declaration of her late Governor and of her recently inaugurated Governor, both of whom represent one party, has ranged herself upon the popular side of

the question. New York still stands upon the record as opposed to any practical system of conducting elections fairly and honestly. This is not New York's fault: it is the fault of New York's Governor, who is nominally a Democrat, but really a sort of inverted Mugwump — ready to stick to his party whenever it is in the wrong, and to break with it whenever it is in the right. How long he will hold out against a strong popular movement we can not tell. But as he holds his office by grace of Republican votes gained by an indecent prostitution of our present scheme of election, it is probable that he will fight for the continuance of existing methods as long as he thinks it is safe.

The "Australian System" is what is proposed by the active friends of ballot-reform, and what has been adopted, with apparent success, by several states. The adoption of this system is, at present, the issue in New York State, and we earnestly advocate it, not because we are certain that it is an infallible system, or even the best system that could be devised for our use; but because its introduction would be a step in the right direction from which there would be no receding — to which we could only add further steps toward a good end. Trial alone could show us whether the Australian system is a positively effective check upon corruption. If it prove to be such a check, well and good. If it prove to be defective in any way, it rests with us to amend the law and make it what it should be. But, whether it be a perfect system or an imperfect system, its adoption will accomplish a great good in calling the attention of every citizen to the necessity of having all elections cleanly and honestly conducted. It will teach the citizen that his election business can be managed as systematically and as equitably as his banking business, and that the responsibility for its management really rests with him. And if the citizen learns this lesson from the "Australian" system, or from any other rational system of voting, it will go far to teach him that it is worth his while, for his own sake, as well as for that of his fellow-citizens, to put politics on a business basis.

In consequence of the disagreement between England and Portugal, as we learn from the cable dispatches, "the Commercial Association of Lisbon has resolved to do its utmost to prevent or restrict all trade or commercial intercourse with England. Many American, French and German commercial travelers are in Lisbon, making the most of the opportunity afforded to replace British goods in Portuguese markets by goods from the countries they represent. At a Portuguese meeting held in Rio Janeiro it was resolved to suspend business with English people, and to send a telegram to Lisbon saying that the members of the colony are prepared to make any sacrifice for their native country."

And what business are WE to do with Portugal and Brazil? We can buy the wines of Portugal, certainly; and the rubber and coffee and other products of Brazil. But are Portugal and Brazil going to buy our cotton cloths at 35 and 40 per cent., our woolen clothing at 45 cents a pound, plus 40 per cent., our Brussels carpets at 30 cents a square yard, plus 30 per cent., or our cutlery at 50 per cent. handicap over English prices? Or will our "protected" manufacturers do as the "protected" copper trust people did, and sell to the foreigners cheaply, and to their fellow-citizens at as high a price as the tariff will enable them to ask?



ANOTHER USEFUL DEVICE.

"THE THEATRE CONVERSATIONALIST" — Designed for people who WILL talk during the acts.



A REASONABLE DOUBT.

SCENE.—MRS. ASHLEIGH'S drawing-room on Madison Avenue.

MISS PLATTE.—I'm awfully charmed to meet you, Miss Hudson. I've heard so much about you I feel like I'd known you all my life.

MISS HUDSON.—Oh, thank you, Miss Platte. But how did you hear of me out in Omaha? You live there, I believe?

MISS PLATTE.—Yes; but, you know, I read the New York papers.

MISS HUDSON.—Oh, I see. How I envy you Western girls for your ease and grace! You get acquainted so readily, and are so free from stiffness and formality. Now, do you know, I had heard of Queen Victoria through the papers for years, and yet, when I was presented at court last Spring, I was very much embarrassed.

MISS PLATTE.—Oh, you flatterer!

MISS HUDSON.—Of course you like Gotham, Miss Platte? I know that you are a tremendous belle.

MISS PLATTE.—Really, you are *too* complimentary, Miss Hudson. But the boys do take me out a heap at home—

MISS HUDSON.—What! you don't faint easily, do you?

MISS PLATTE.—Faint? I—don't—understand you.

MISS HUDSON.—Oh—nothing—I merely thought the room was a little warm. And you like our "boys?"

MISS PLATTE.—My! yes, indeed! I think Mr. Purley is just as sweet as he can be. I went to the Metropolitan with him last night. He is *such* a gentleman! and so witty, too—he just kept our box in a roar of laughter all the time.

MISS HUDSON.—How very fascinating he must be! I've never met him.

MISS PLATTE.—I'm so fond of witty people. Oh—te-he—I asked Mr. Purley if the tenor came from Germany—te-he—and he said—te-he—excuse my laughing so—he said he thought he must have come from Sing Sing—good, was n't it?

MISS HUDSON.—Oh, splendid!

MISS PLATTE.—I'm so fond of funny people. There's lots of bright newspaper men in Omaha, and I'm *en repartee* with them all.

MISS HUDSON.—As you like literary people, I know you are charmed with Mrs. Cambridge.

MISS PLATTE.—No; I'm not—worth a cent—

MISS HUDSON.—Don't let Mr. Purley hear you say that.

MISS PLATTE.—Why? Is he a friend of hers?

MISS HUDSON.—N—o—er—yes, yes.

MISS PLATTE.—Well, Mrs. Cambridge is too eccentric for me—I think she's downright rude. Why, the other night when I was telling her about my headache, she turned off suddenly, and asked Professor Von Haupt if he liked Washington Irving.

MISS HUDSON.—She is rather eccentric; but I suppose your account of your headache suggested to her "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

MISS PLATTE.—How's that? I've never read it.

MISS HUDSON.—Oh—er—one of the characters in it has a headache, I believe.

MISS PLATTE.—She's never said any thing out of the way to me; but I kinder think she says things to make you feel badly.

MISS HUDSON.—Well, that is positively unladylike, you know.

MISS PLATTE.—And she tried to cut Pa up at the Charity Bazar—

MISS HUDSON.—Oh, mercy! Did she go that far?

MISS PLATTE.—Wait and let me tell you about it. Pa is a business man, you know, and does every thing on business principles; and as he had n't been to a charity bazar for so long, he had forgotten about things, you know, and kicked considerably when Mrs. Cambridge did n't give him his change; and she poked fun at his ignorance.

MISS HUDSON.—Really? It is so vulgar to notice or comment upon the ignorance of others.

MISS PLATTE.—That's my way of thinking.

MISS HUDSON.—Oh, by the way, why were we not introduced to each other at Mrs. Talbott's reception?

MISS PLATTE.—I was n't there.

MISS HUDSON.—What a pity you were not! You would have enjoyed it more than this. Mrs. Talbott's entertainments are so much more select than Mrs. Ashleigh's.

MISS PLATTE.—Why, I thought Mrs. Ashleigh was awfully tony.

MISS HUDSON.—She married well enough, but she is not entitled to her social position by birth.

MISS PLATTE.—Why, I thought she was! Was n't her grandfather before her a millionaire?

MISS HUDSON.—At any rate, she is one of those persons who are fond of parading their gentility—shockingly ill-bred, don't you think?

MISS PLATTE.—Real tacky, I say.

MISS HUDSON.—She's a regular tale-bearer, too.

MISS PLATTE.—I hate any thing like that—oh, say, there is that pretty Miss Saunders coming in now. I like her so much. She's so candid and unaffected. I heard her tell a fellow that she thought it was ridiculous for girls to keep their age secret. She said she did n't mind telling any body that *she* was twenty-five.

MISS HUDSON.—That was because she's twenty-nine.

MISS PLATTE.—Is that so? Well, I *am* disappointed in her.

MISS HUDSON.—Yes; and she made an outrageous *faux pas* the other day—but who is that intensely vulgar-looking person talking to Mrs. Ashleigh over yonder?

MISS PLATTE.—That is my father, Miss Hudson.

MISS HUDSON.—Excuse me; I should have thought of that—but here is Mr. Wilton coming for me. Good evening.

MR. WILTON (*as they pass out of hearing*).—We could hear very plainly from the alcove. Would n't that girl have been a belle in Bæotia? She's the curiosity of the season. Did I exaggerate her obtuseness? But, by Jove, you're a regular Portia, Miss Hudson!

MISS HUDSON.—She might, in the course of time, be educated into seeing a point; but I am afraid neither you nor I could reclaim her from vulgarity, Mr. Wilton.

MR. WILTON.—I doubt if we could.

(*And here is where the REASONABLE DOUBT came in.*)

H. C. Ficklen.

DOING A TURN.



Mr. Pierre Rouette, well-known on the variety stage as the Human Top, gave an exhibition of his marvelous feat on the ice at Frigid Lake this morning. He went through it in fine style, and though the audience insisted on bringing him out again, they could not prevail on him to repeat the performance.—*Evening Whirled.*

PUCK'S HEALTH APHORISMS.



LIQUOR DEALERS should avoid doing any thing which may have a tendency to keep up their spirits.

In the matter of contagious disorders, when you give a disease to a friend it should be borne in mind that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that the idea of being just before you are generous is a narrow and selfish one.

Drafts should be avoided, particularly sight drafts. They are bad for the eyes. But if heroic treatment becomes necessary, have the grace (three days grace) to cheque them without protest.

If you have a girl — and you probably have — caution her against taking cold. At twenty-five cents a dish it may develop into pneumonia, a portemonnaie, or some such unpleasant malady, the inroads of which are often disastrous.

Mutton, as an article of food, is wholesome and nutritious, and may be eaten with impunity and caper sauce. In female seminaries, where the male element is an unknown quantity, side-saddles of mutton only should be used, and care should be observed that the young ladies do not indulge in too many capers. They are apt to get too saucy sometimes.

Avoid quacks; they are of no value. Even in the case of ducks, it is a well-established dietary fact that the quack is about the only part of the bird that is unfit for food.

Butchers should never allow themselves to be troubled with their liver. In case they are unable to sell it, they can always give it away. A good healthy liver is a priceless boon, particularly to boarding-house keepers; and in more than one instance it has been known to save their bacon.

Never attempt to deceive your doctor. If you tell him to call at a certain time, have his money ready.

Arsenic is excellent for the face. If taken in sufficient quantities, it never fails to whiten the complexion.

If you are troubled with life's fitful fever, employ as young a physician as possible. With youth in his favor, he rarely fails to effect a cure.

POMPOSITY REBUKED.

It was at one of the big, fashionable churches. The haughty usher looked rather disdainfully at the shabby-appearing little man who stepped toward him, and without bestowing a second glance, raised an imperious finger, motioned forward, and started pompously toward the amen corner.

The whole congregation noticed the pompous usher as he strode down the aisle, and a number thought his action rather strange. When he reached a poor, undesirable seat, almost around a corner, the usher turned and motioned again, but the little man was n't there.

The usher looked a bit fooled as he glanced over the congregation, and he turned clear around again to see if the little man was n't behind him. And he was n't. He had slipped into a rear seat at the moment the pompous usher began his forward march.

Homer Bassford.

A DIFFERENCE.

WHIPPER. — Our young friend Scadds seems to have a great desire to shine in society.

SNAPPER. — My idea is that his ambition is to *shin* into society!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY.

"An' what step, me good Polonius, should the merry Hotel hall-boy strive to strike?" quoth Hamlet.

"I' faith, I know not."

"The Front-gait, thou Fish-monger."

AMENDMENT ACCEPTED.

JUDGE. — What's the charge, officer?

OFFICER. — Petty larceny, Your Honor.

PRISONER (*interrupting*). — I beg your pardon, Judge — the charge is impersonating an officer.

JUDGE. — How do you make that out?

PRISONER. — I took a handful of peanuts and an orange from a poor woman's stand without paying for them.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

JACK. — Shall I kiss you?

NELLIE. — Do it if you dare!

IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

THE COURT. — What is your age, Madam?

THE PLAINTIFF. — Must I answer?

THE COURT. — You must.

THE PLAINTIFF. — Why, Judge, I thought people did n't have to testify against themselves!

LINES BY A SPINSTER.

The girls, since first the world began,
Have always sought th' ideal man;
But when they captured their ideal
They found him more ideal than real.



IN THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, AT ONE P. M.

LAWYER COKEMAN. — You ought to call some day at lunch-time, Uncle. I should like to have you meet some members of the Lawyers' Club.

UNCLE BEAKS (*from Wayback*). — What time d'yer feed?

LAWYER COKEMAN. — Well — ahem! — well, er — oh, usually at about half past four.

THE FIEND OF A CATERER'S BOY. — Your luncheon is served, sir!

THE LUNATIC'S STORY.



HE WAS PICKED UP on the streets, crazy, and sent to the asylum. It was impossible to tell who or what he was. Indeed, he had forgotten his own identity and believed himself to be Grand Powwow Powderly. The insanity expert who had charge of his case assumed that he was a poor workingman, crazed by misfortune.

"Mr. Powderly" was a mystery for several months, but the careful attention of the doctor was rewarded, and at length reason was restored. Shortly

afterward the doctor said to him:

"I should like to hear your story, for I have always had the profoundest sympathy for the downtrodden son of toil."

A grin wrinkled "Mr. Powderly's" face as he said:

"All right. I'll tell you a story of the poor, oppressed workingman that will make your hair curl. I was a clerk in a shoe-store, and had two thousand dollars in cash, when an idea occurred to me. It was an improvement in the making of shoes which added immensely to the comfortableness of the shoe. Well, I started a shop to show off my idea. Not being a shoemaker myself, I had to hire practical workmen; and as all of them belonged to a union, I paid regular union prices. One thousand dollars of my money went for material and outfits, and my surplus was soon exhausted in the payment of salaries.

"My returns so far were not sufficient to meet expenses, but my shoe was popular. For the next six months it was a desperate race, and I had to go in debt for my personal expenses. I wore old shabby clothes, and often went without a square meal. My men meantime were well dressed and entirely free from care. I, on the contrary, was pursued by creditors until I could hardly look anybody in the face.

"After a year of this dog's life, I hit upon a lucky thing. I found that I could buy, from a certain establishment, ready-made soles for about one-fourth the price I could make them at. I introduced them accordingly and found I could make 25 per cent. more shoes on the same outlay than before. In a year I had made enough money to pay all my debts, and I saw the chance of a good living before me.

"But now the Shoemakers' Union learned that I dared to make money, and great indignation prevailed. So I was notified that I must quit using the patent ready-made sole, or that I must pay my men by the shoe, and pay as much as if they had made the sole themselves. In



INOPPORTUNITY.

MRS. WHEELY.—Doan' be clappin' now, you Connaught fool. Cammilly do be dyin'.

MR. WHEELY (*who expected to see some jig-dancing*).—Thot 's pfwat Oi 'm glad av!

other words, I was to pay them for the privilege of using a sole that I had already paid for.

"Submit? Of course. All the shoemakers in town belonged to the union. But my shoes were so well liked that even this did not down me, and I still managed to make a bare living.

"Meantime the union was not sleeping. Special rules were invented to eat up my little profits. I did a good deal of mending, and the union decided that any patch put on a shoe was the same as making an entirely new shoe and must be paid accordingly.

"If a man wanted a buckle on a shoe, I not only had to provide the buckle, but to pay the shoemaker who put it on the shoe the price of making the buckle. Every few months a new rule was invented for my concern, until I was paying more for making a shoe than I could sell it for.

"One night, five years after I had begun business, I summed up the results. I had furnished a new idea and two thousand dollars capital; had given employment at good wages to an average of a dozen men; had slaved night and day, had gone like a beggar half the time, and had even starved a while; had sunk all my capital, was two thousand dollars in debt, and had just about enough stock on hand to square up.

"Next morning the foreman waited on me with a demand for increased wages. I refused. There was a strike. I was boycotted, bulldozed, threatened, pursued, and assaulted. The press spoke of the affair as another effort of capital to lift its mailed hand against the poor workingman. I was glad to make an assignment and go crazy. And all I ask is to be allowed to pass the rest of my days in peace in the lunatic asylum!"

Walker Kennedy.



AS HE WANTED IT.

COLONEL MAPES (*of Galveston*).—I ain't much of a draughter, young feller, but that 's th' idea I 've got for th' window.

MR. RENE SANSE (*his architect*).—Is n't that a little peculiar for a church memorial window?

COLONEL MAPES.—Peculiar or not, it goes. I busted a bank over in Austin on th' turn of that card, an' it 's got ter be honored,

LIGHTS OUT.

PUT OUT THE LIGHTS—the dance is done.
The gay crowd, all dispersing,
With light laughs greet the rising sun,
The night's bon mots rehearsing.
Put out the lights—the dance is done.
The hall is bare and dreary,
Tho' echoes linger of music and fun,
Yet the heart is sad and weary;

[For I am on the "Finance Committee,"
and we are sixty-seven dollars and ten cents
in debt—]

And we all are busted and have no
mon;

Put out the lights—the dance is
dun.

Roy L. McCardell.





HE HAD A GENERAL IDEA OF IT.

MR. CAMPERDOWN (*at Yale*).—Jonathan, I must say I'm surprised!

HIS FAVORITE NEPHEW.—Why, Uncle, that's a reproduction of the famous Angelus, by Millet.

MR. CAMPERDOWN.—Du tell! Well, them French has got th' sombreness off of religion in great shape, ain't they?

IN AN OPERA BOX.



MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—What is that curious noise?

HARRY (*searching the house with his glasses*).—Ah, I fancy it's those fellows down there—the orchestra, you know.

MISS FLORA V.—Dear me, how tiresome!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—Who is that with Mrs. Putonstyle?

MISS GLADYS V.—That is the Count Hobble-offsky. I do hope he'll come over. He is so interesting, and he dances divinely.

Enter Mr. Carrot. The Curtain rises.

THE LADIES (*effusively*).—Oh, how de do? So charmed!

HARRY.—Ah, Carrot, how?

CARROT (*explosively*).—Fine! Been dining at Athletic Club. Feel vigorous. (*Slaps chest.*)

ALL.—You are so droll! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PEOPLE IN ORCHESTRA STALLS.—'Sh!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT (*calmly ignoring them*).—Who is the woman on the stage?

CARROT.—New prima donna. Voice like a fire-bell, they say.

MISS GLADYS.—What is her name?

CARROT.—Fräulein von Hofhaimerkaiserbier.

MISS FLORA.—How quite too absurd!

MISS GLADYS.—You mean her gown? Shocking, is n't it? Oh, look at her mouth!

CARROT.—Yes, she is going to sing.

ALL.—You are so droll. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

PEOPLE IN ORCHESTRA STALLS.—'Sh!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—What are you going to give Phyllis Broke for a wedding gift, Mr. Carrot?

CARROT.—A new fifty-dollar bill. I'm sure she's never seen one.

ALL.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! You are so—

PEOPLE IN ORCHESTRA STALLS.—'S-s-s-s-H!!!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT (*calmly and more loudly*).—Are we going to see Mr. Briggs this evening?

MISS FLORA.—Briggy promised me he'd come. He said he was very fond of this opera.

MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—Fond of the opera! How curious!

MISS GLADYS.—He says this one has so much brass in it that he

can talk as loudly as he pleases. But for my part, (*forte*) I do not know of any reason why he should not talk as loudly—

PEOPLE IN ORCHESTRA STALLS.—'S-s-s-s-s-H!!!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—What is that strange noise?

CARROT.—The tenor behind the scenes, sharpening his voice.

ALL.—You are so droll. Ha, ha!—

PEOPLE IN ORCHESTRA STALLS.—'S-s-s-H! 'S-s-s-H!!

EXASPERATED GERMAN (*audibly*).—Besser todt als so zu leiden! Es ist eine Schande!

MRS. VANDEGRIFT.—Did you hear that intoxicated German talking aloud? He ought to be put out.

THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER.

In the morals of races we'll give you a hint—

You should always pay Rent, but you need n't pay Rint.

A GOOD DEVISER.

MR. MATTIX (*instructor in arithmetic*).—George, what is the dividend?

GEORGE CARTRUST (*son of PRESIDENT CARTRUST of P. O. & R. R. Co.*).—It's what is left after the "divide."

POOR STAFF FOR SUPPORT.

"Bread is the staff of life, you know," said the farmer's wife to the tramp.

"I know it is," answered the tramp, sadly; "and I know I've got too lean on it."



IF CAVIARE is caviare to the general, we want it distinctly understood that we are the general, and we are going to retain that proud position so long as there is any better eating to be had.

"THERE ARE more paintings by Delacroix owned in the United States than are owned in any one country in Europe," says an exchange. This is probably a truth. From the rapidity with which European dealers are unloading Delacroixes on the American market, we are inclined to believe that it will not be long before the works of that eminent and prolific painter will acquire a fixed market value, and a Delacroix will be given away with every pound of tea.



HE KNEW THE STATE.

CUSTOMER.—I want a pair of ear-muffs, a woolen comforter, and an umbrella with an oil-cloth cover—and I want them sent C. O. D.

CLERK.—Cert'n'ly, sir; what part of New Jersey, please?



HINTS TO WRITERS.

I HAVE BEEN much interested in reading a little magazine called *The Writer*. It contains many useful hints to authors. I had no idea how easy writing for publication had been made until I read this magazine.

I have been writing for the papers for a great many years. My absurd and antiquated plan has been somewhat as follows:

I carry a little note-book, and when I get an idea, I jot it down in the book. Then when I have the opportunity, I write the article, the story, or the poem, and send it to a periodical. If it comes back, I try it on another magazine, and so on until the *M.S.* is accepted or worn out.

When I had finished reading this magazine, I was really ashamed to find how far I was behind the times. I began to wonder how I could possibly have got on without the countless labor-saving devices, and ingenious systems of which it contained descriptions; and I determined to lose no time in adopting them all, and in that way make up for lost time.

The first suggestion was—

"A Place for the Pigeon-holes.—I have discovered that the small case of pigeon-holes, which was always in the way on top of my flat-top desk, just fits into one of the compartments of the revolving book-case which stands close beside my chair. Now the pigeon-holes are out of the way, within easy reach, and in a position which enables my three-year-old little girl to help keep their contents classified.

W. H. H.

"BOSTON, MASS."

I at once purchased a revolving book-case for ten dollars, and then, as I had no pigeon-holes on my slant-top desk, I had some made to fit the book-case by a carpenter for two dollars more.

I filled these pigeon-holes with rejected *M.S.S.*, and by turning the book-case so that the pigeon-holes would be on the other side from my chair, and then wedging it in that position, I had "the pigeon-holes out of the way, within easy reach" of my four-and-a-half-year old boy, who takes the place of W. H. H.'s three-year old girl. He has already classified the *M.S.S.* into two classes: those good to make fly-traps of, and those not good to make fly-traps of.

The next useful hint read—

"Where to Place the Lamp.—If you find your student-lamp too bright or too hot when standing near by, put it higher up the rod, and place it on a table or the mantel, three or four feet away to the left and back of you.

"CHICAGO, ILL."

C. B. H.

Many writers are too busy or too feeble-minded to think of an expedient of this nature. Some even seek to secure the same end by the old-fashioned device of turning the light down a little. For years I have suffered from the fact that there was no table or mantel "three or four feet away to the left and back of" my desk on which to place the student lamp.

I have now had a mantel set in the position described, and when the lamp is placed upon it, and



HIS PRECEDENT.

THE PEACEMAKER. —Don't you know it is very wrong to fight, little boy? What does the good book say?

TOMMY (who has just polished off the class bully). —I dunno. I ain't read it no further than David an' Goliath.

screwed away up to the top of the rod, I get neither heat nor light from it. Moreover, I do all my work in the day time.

The true modesty of genius is exemplified in the fact that all the distinguished authors who have risen to fame by means of the appliances, plans and devices which fill the pages of *The Writer*, conceal their identity under initials or names which give no clew as to which is James Russell Lowell, which W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, J. G. Whittier, O. W. Holmes, Henry James, Marion Crawford or Walker Aken.

Walker Aken.



POLICE VIGILANCE.

HOWELL GIBBON (at the ball). —Hang it, I'm perishing with thirst, and the police shut off the wine at 1 A. M. What 'll we do?

ROWNE DE BOUT. —Let's skip 'round to O'Grog's saloon in the next block!

A WISE GIRL.

I asked her on my knees to wed.

Alas! Her heart is flinty—

She will not share my slice of bread,
Because my name's McGinty.



AIN'T THEY NICE?

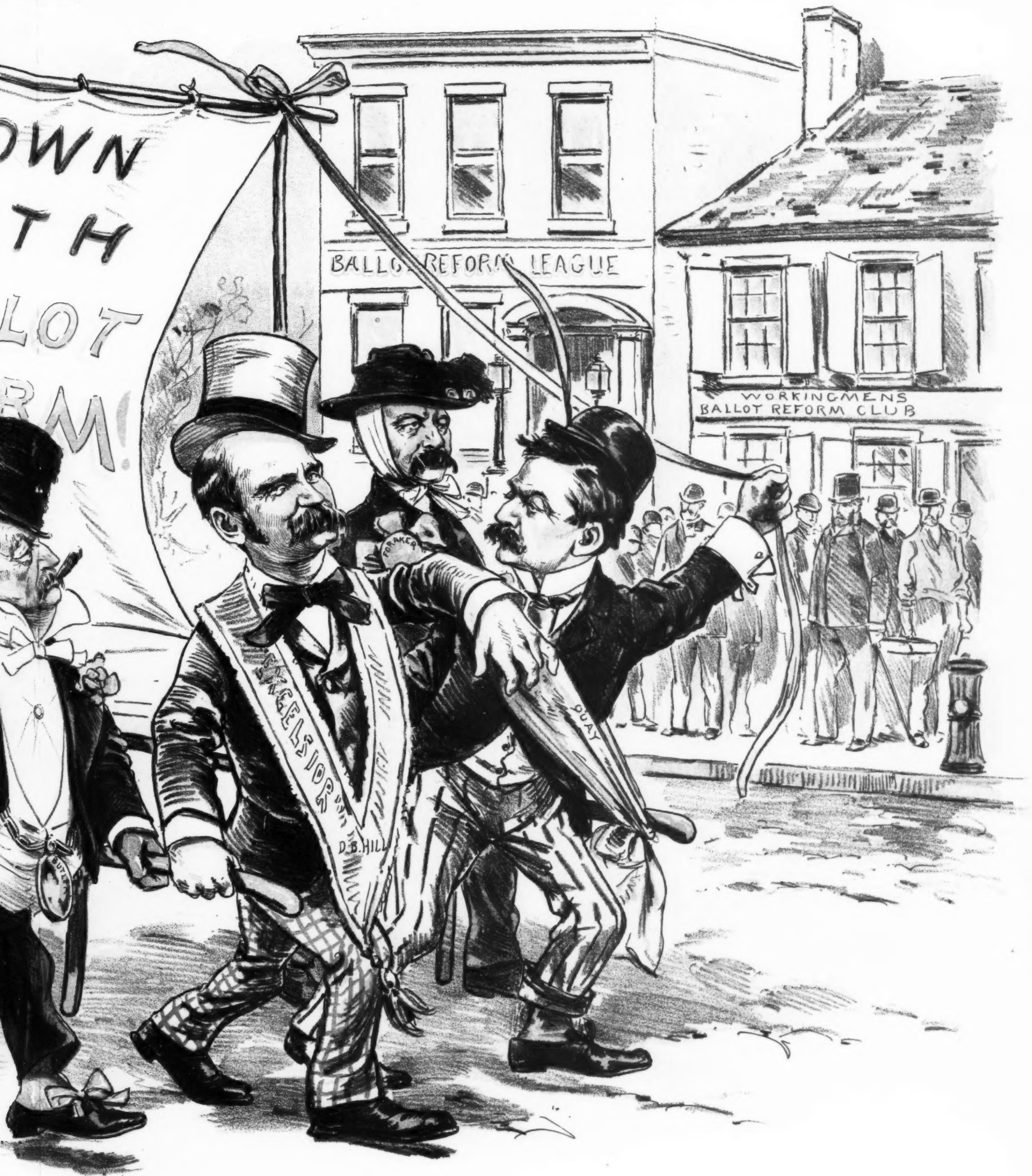


"THE ANGELUS" AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.—THE NEXT EPIDEMIC WE MAY LOOK FOR.



"WE LOVE IT FOR THE END"

UCK.



HE ENEMIES IT HAS MADE."

SOME MUSICAL SUGGESTIONS.

IT IS PERHAPS owing to the fact that we all love music, that music is introduced into various objects unto which it bears not the slightest relation, and with which it is not even remotely associated. In no other way can we account for the pecuniary, if not artistic, success of the album which, when opened, discourses some popular operatic air. If music be enjoyable, rendered by an album, we can not see why the scheme should not be carried further. We



might have ordinary household objects give forth tunes at various periods, to serve as signals and warnings, as well as for the spiritual pleasure they would be sure to impart.

When the Hibernian cook is bending over a coffee-mill which she can not hold steady between her knees, it seems reasonable to fancy that she would be unconscious of the pains shooting through her knuckles, if the mill were filling her patriotic soul with the stirring strains of the "Wearing of the Green." Or perhaps the "Rocky Road to Dublin" would be better, as the time is livelier, and would in all probability cause the cook to work faster.

On the same principle, "Tim Finnegan's Wake" could be fixed in the lawn mower, that the operator of the same might caper gracefully over an upgrade lawn, and fancy himself at a land league meeting vowing destruction to Great Britain. The thermometer out in the hall might have a set of tunes in it that would tell the temperature, and save a near-sighted man the trouble of taking it out on the lawn to ascertain that fact. When at the temperature of Spring, the mercury could cause it to fill the air with "Spring, Gentle Spring." If the mercury should reach that point peculiar to the season when Sirius rises and sets with the sun, it could delight the household with "Old Dog Tray," or, "Keyser, Don't You want to Buy a Dog?"

The temperature of Autumn, when the pipe of the quail gayly bursts on the plumber, would be indicated by a rendition of that soulful lyric, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," or, "Johnny, Get Your Gun," while the zero mark of Winter could be manifested unerringly by "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"Down Went McGinty," with suitable variations, could be given by the pump in such a way that the cook's soul would be surcharged with an intoxicating, delirious bliss, that would carry her away and cause her to pump the tank full in a period considered by her necessary to fill a pail.

As there has recently been a greater advance in lamp art, than in any other, we fancy it not out of place to suggest to the manufacturers the æsthetic propriety of turning to music for novelty. "Coal Oil Johnny" would not be out of place in a kitchen lamp, while one for the dining table might have a gastronomic air, such as, "Dad's Dinner-Pail."

And it is only fair to assume that all mothers would hail with delight the introduction of an automatic cradle that, while rocking, would



SHORT AND SWEET.

MOUNT VERNON MAN (*interrogatively*).—Whist?
MCAGGERS (*who thinks it a pleasant salutation*).—Phwist!

play "Hush-a-by Baby on the Tree-top," as she would then be able to place the baby in the same, feeling certain that it would be rocked and sung, or, rather, played into the snowy arms of Morpheus; and that it would remain in the tender embrace of the same poppy-wreathed individual until her return, even if she wanted to step out to match a piece of dress goods, or to call on a neighbor, to show off her latest duck of a hat.

The burglar alarm could regale the knight of the jimmy with, "In the Prison Cell I Sit," while the door-bell could improve on its rattle and bang with, "Home, Sweet Home!" as well as the rural front gate could glad the moonlight zephyr with "Love's Young Dream."

R. K. M.

HE KNEW THE PROPER REMEDY.

SICK MAN (*in Maine*).—I want something for this cough.

DRUGGIST.—All right; I'll give you some syrup.

SICK MAN.—Yes, but I don't want syrup—I want whiskey.

"I DARE NOT TELL THEE WHAT I FEEL!"—As the young wife did n't sing to the Boss of the Kitchen.



CULTURE.

MR. RUSSET SPATTS.—That's a queer-looking dog of yours, Miss Hubbelle. Is n't it what the English call a "turnspit?"

MISS AUBURN HUBBELLE (*severely*).—I don't know what the English may call it, Mr. Spatts, but I call it "a rotatory expectorator."

CALLING UP ANOTHER WORLD.

He was one of a number of drummers sitting in the hotel office, and he stepped up to the telephone with the remark that he was going to spring a little joke on the girl at the central office.

"Hello!" he called through the 'phone; "give me St. Peter, please."

Then he listened; and as he listened, his face took on a queer expression. After a minute he signalled that he was through with the wire, shrugged his shoulders and sat down.

"What did St. Peter say to you, Bob?" asked a friend.

"She did n't give me St. Peter," said Bob; "she gave me the devil."

AN ANTI-CAPITALIST.

The Anarchist paced Fifth Avenue,
His brow was black and grim:
He thought of the wrongs that Capital
Had heaped on his and him.

And to show his scorn of the lust for gold
Downtown he quickly sped,
To spend a dollar for lager beer,
And pay for a ten-cent bed!





BALLADE OF MR. JENKINS.

—
LINES TO THE
EDITOR OF "PUCK."

ONE LITTLE YEAR AGO, ah, me!
I sent a gay ballade to thee;
Prompt came the pleasing information:
"Accepted; check on publication!"

'T was a "Ballade of Jenkins," sir,
I've bought your paper for a year,
And every week have grown more sad
To see a check on my ballade.

Five dollars and two dimes I've spent;
Pray, tell me if the check you meant
Was quite that large, and so, if I
A few more PUCKS may safely buy?

Or is there, cruel one, I pray,
A barrier to be burned away?
What in the name of con-dem-na-tion
Is this long "check on publication?"
Swinburne Rittenhouse.

MORE LINES TO THE EDITOR OF "PUCK."

FOUR YEARS AGO, good sir, your "Ed."
Accepted a ballade,
And sent a card which kindly said
That payment may be had
When that the same was published —
Which it's never been, begad!

I ask you as a man, and "Ed.,"
Is this the proper thing?
If you would wait till I am dead
E'er that ballade you spring,
Please send the money now, and be'd
Amned to the publishing!
Swinburne Rittenhouse.

BALLADE OF MR. JENKINS.

JENKINS is an editor, a bulwark of the State,
His paper is an "organ," we are told;
He was not always prominent, as he has been
of late,

His collar-button was not always gold!
When society first received him in its fold,
There were lots of snobs who thought it quite
the caper

To notice, with a hauteur high and cold,
Mr. Jenkins getting items for his paper.

Jenkins, city editor, equalled three reporters
rolled

In one. He was a power with the great.
He knew just how many votes each ward and
precinct polled,

And just whom the "boss" would put upon
the slate;

At all public dinners Jenkins had a plate;
As he took no notes, the chuckleheads would
vapor:

"See, he carries the proceedings in his pate —
Mr. Jenkins, getting items for his paper!"

Everything must come to those who wait,
Jenkins in the harness has grown old;
As Editor-in-chief he may dictate

To presidents, the fate of parties' mould.
Yet as often as at Newport he has strolled,
Tho' they see no pencil in his fingers

taper,
There are idiots who believe that they
behold

Mr. Jenkins getting items for his paper!

ENVOI.

Prince, warn your subjects all of Jenkins's
fate

Let none talk shop, or he be prince or
draper;

For Jenkins on a pleasure trip must hate
"Mr. Jenkins getting items for his paper."

Swinburne Rittenhouse.

THE USUAL CAT ERADICATOR.
ROGERS.—What is this Kit-Kat Club I see
mentioned in the papers?
PEET.—A bootjack, I suppose.

THE SAGE OF WALL STREET.
"Ward was the Napoleon of Finance. What
would you call Russell Sage?"
"The Old Put of Finance."

THEY'RE ALL AFFECTED THAT WAY.
ORGANIST.—I wonder what's the matter with
that organ. It won't sound very high notes.
BASS SINGER.—It's a Republican organ.

A GEOGRAPHICAL MYSTERY.
NEW YORKER.—Did you ever notice how few
Irish names there are over drug stores?
GREAT TRAVELER.—There are plenty of
them in Iowa and Kansas.

NOT FAST COLORS.
WHIPPER.—What do you think of young Mrs.
Giddy's complexion?
SNAPPER.—I'm afraid it won't wash!

"ONE OF THE FINEST."



The Alarm.



The Chase.



The Capture.

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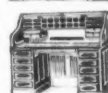
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

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LAREDO possesses an excellent climate for invalids and consumptives.

The City is situated 60 feet above the Rio Grande River, and 600 feet above sea level, only few hours ride by rail from the Mexican Gulf, and near famous hot springs of Topo Chico, Monterey, Mexico.

The South-east Gulf breeze which prevails throughout the year is dry, balmy and invigorating. No swampy or marshy land within hundreds of miles. No malaria or infectious diseases exist. Fruits, including the grape, fig, banana and orange thrive to perfection in the open air all the year 'round. Ice and snow are unknown. LAREDO has excellent hotel accommodations, electric lights, water-works, electric motor street railways, and all other modern conveniences, good public and private schools, and churches of all the leading denominations.

LAREDO is growing rapidly, and is now the largest port of entry and export on the Mexican frontier. Imports and exports for October over \$1,000,000. Laredo has inexhaustible coal mines in operation, abundance of raw materials, ample water power, plenty of cheap labor and first-class market. City offers land within city limits valued at \$100,000 as donations to manufacturing enterprises. The rapid development of the territory tributary to LAREDO, and the increasing business with the Republic of Mexico offers splendid opportunities to Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional men, etc., to engage in business enterprises at LAREDO. Address,

THE LAREDO IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,
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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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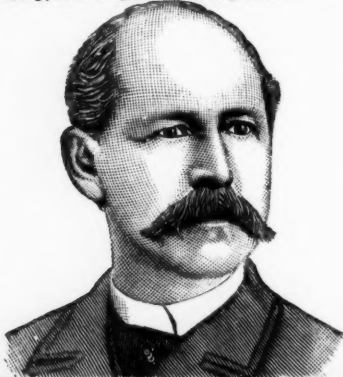


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The burglar opens doors for the sake of a little lock-upation.—*Merchant Traveler*.

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Also \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2 shoes for Men; \$3 and \$1.75 shoes for Boys. \$3 and \$2 shoes for Ladies and \$1.75 shoe for Misses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WINTER RACING.

Mrs. HIGHFLY.—My dear, during the Summer you said the only reason you went to the races was because the country air was so cool and pleasant. Why do you go now when the thermometer is almost at zero?

Mr. HIGHFLY.—Um—cr—I go now, my dear, because the excitement of the races warms me up.—*New York Weekly*.

A KANUCK COCKTAIL.—The Canadians are smuggling their Gin into this Country in Bales of Hay.—*Ex*.

EVERY once in a while it is stated that the swallow-tail coat has had its day, but the society man and the waiter don't swallow tales of that nature.—*Texas Siftings*.



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ALAS! what dismal, dire contempt
The human race begets;
For girls will coddle woolly dogs,
And men smoke cigarettes.

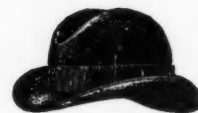
—*Merchant Traveler*.

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venirs of his gratitude all over the house. — *Exchange*.

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HERD ON A TRAIN — The Inmates of a Cattle Car. —
Merchant Traveler.

THE editor of *The Jackson Republic* remem-
bered all his patrons with a pretty card bearing
the compliments of the holiday season. The
editor's vignette adorns one corner of the card,
and shows him to be a man of sea-green com-
plexion, heavy green moustache, dark green
eyes, inclined to baldness; appareled in green
coat, white collar, and green collar button; and
a green atmosphere complete the picture. But
the contour of the features depicts any thing but
a "green" man. — *Prison Mirror*.

AS THE TWIG is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out
the door. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

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we do the rest."

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Should the United States adopt
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A HISTORIC DISCUSSION.

The Controversy in the January number of the

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

BETWEEN

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

AND

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will take rank among the great literary events of history.
The discussion will be continued in the REVIEW by

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The January number also contains :

WOMAN'S VIEWS ON DIVORCE,

by Mary A. Livermore, Amelia E. Barr, Rose Terry Cooke,
Jennie June, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; also, THE LIFE OF ROBERT
E. LEE, by the late Jefferson Davis; BY-GONE DAYS IN
BOSTON, by C. K. Tuckerman; A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME,
by Rodolfo Lanciani; A PLEA FOR COPYRIGHT, by Count
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Prof. R. H. Thurston; HOW I BECAME AN ASTRONOMER, by
Camille Flammarion, etc.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, NEW YORK.

837

THE office should seek the man, but it should inspect
him thoroughly before taking him. — *J. A. Macon*.

THE great objection to the practical joke is that it is
so likely to run up against a large, well-developed, prac-
tical fist. — *Merchant Traveler*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-
ING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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Nudis Verbis.

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The soul of music shed,"
Now hangs upon "my uncle's" walls —
The craze for harps is dead.
But the piano, in itself
An orchestra complete,
Still stirs the true musician's soul,
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Of course we know the instrument
The public taste to fit,
And know that all agree with us —
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NO DOUBT SHE WOULD.

Mrs. REGIÈRE.—If you have not seen the last number of the *Century*, I advise you to buy it. There is a very good article on "How the Other Half Lives."

Mrs. GUZZLER (*the better half*).—I shall buy it directly. Why, I would give one hundred times twenty-five cents to know how my "other half" lives.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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"Not when I see you."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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HARVEST time is the hay-day of the year. — *Ex.*

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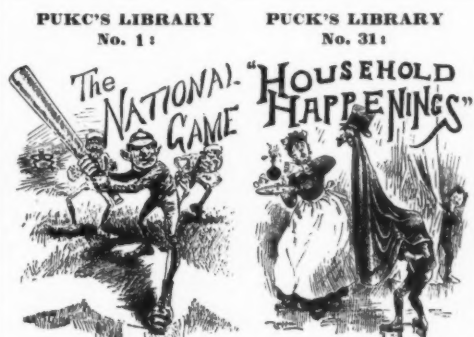
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THE WISE GRAMMARIAN.
TEACHER.—What part of speech is 'but?'
MICHAEL.—'But' is a conjunction.
TEACHER.—Correct. Now give me an ex-
ample of its use.
MICHAEL.—See the goat *but* the boy. 'But'
connects the goat and the boy.—*Harper's Bazar.*
"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

ADVANTAGES OF THE DROP SHUTTER.
OLD MAID (*who wants a portrait of her dog*).
—Do you take instantaneous photographs here?
PHOTOGRAPHER'S BOY.—Yes, Ma'am; run
right in, and he'll take you afore you're a
minute older.—*New York Weekly.*



Being Puck's Best Things About Being Puck's Best Things About
Base-ball. the Fun and Fancy of
Home Life.

"Who is the Prince of Tailors?"
I asked my little boy,
"Whose clothes are things of beauty,
And a perennial joy?"
"Who makes the latest garments
For cash and only cash?
So folks who are not Astors
Can cut a stylish dash?"
"Who still on application
Sends samples unto all,
And writes you how to measure,
So that you need not call?"
"Now tell," I asked the infant,
"Now tell me if you can?"
Said he, "where *did* you come from?
Why, Arnheim* is the man!"

* Bowery and Spring St., N. Y.

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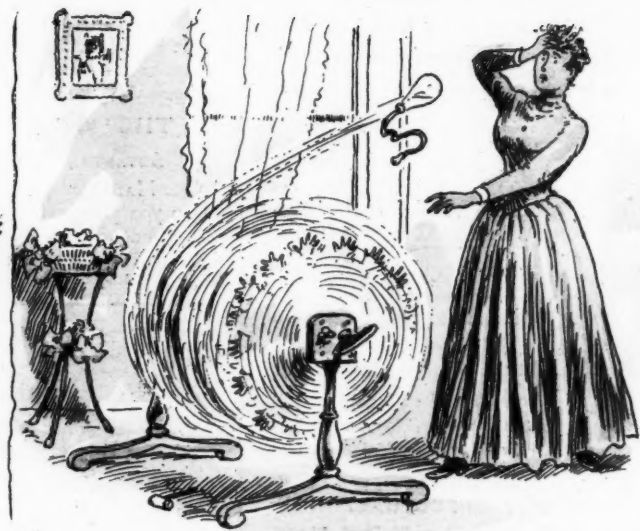
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Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the
taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
CONSUMPTION

- PUCK'S LIBRARY.**
- 30. — "Fun at Zero." Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.
 - 29. — "Round Town." Being Puck's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.
 - 28. — "Snap-Shots." Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.
 - 27. — "All at Sea." Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
 - 26. — "Fly-Time." Being Puck's Best Things About The Torrid Term.
 - 25. — "Out Doors." Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.
 - 24. — "On The Road." Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.
 - 23. — "Best Girl." Being Puck's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.
 - 22. — "Show Business." Being Puck's Best Things About Artistes and Fakirs.
 - 21. — "Very Young Man." Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.
 - 20. — "Hi! Art." Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.
 - 19. — "Chin." Being Puck's Best Things About Barbers, Book-agents and other Bires.
 - 18. — "Out West." Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.
 - 17. — "Is Marriage a Failure?" Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-Law and Other Matrimonial Matters.
 - 16. — "The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.

CHOCOLATE MENIER
ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE



"Mama, Mama, come quick! Papa's got all twisted up in his Patent Adjustable Reading Chair, and can't get out!"



Appalling effect of setting the clock-work of the Patent Self-Rocking Cradle at too high a speed.



MRS. LITTLEFLAT. — This is terrible, Frank: I expect the Murray-Hills here in about twenty minutes, and the Light-Working Folding-Bed is stuck fast and won't close up!



"It's strange this Patent Window Blind sticks so; the advertisement showed a picture of a little girl pulling it down with one finger."



"I wish I had the man here who sold me this Patent Easy-Opening Dictionary-Holder, for about four minutes!"



HOST. — I tell you this is the biggest thing yet — Patent Combination Lock Stopper for liquor decanters — servants can't open 'em; have a drink?
FRIEND. — Thanks; don't care if I do.

VISITOR. — What's the matter? Are you trying to commit suicide?
VICTIM. — I'm trying to shave; but my Patent Safety Razor does n't work well this morning!



HOST. — Confound it; I've forgotten the combination myself!